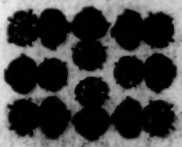
B

POMPEY.

A

Tragœdy.



DUBLIN,
Printed by *John Crooke*, Printer to the Kings
Most Excellent Majesty, for *Samuel*
Dancer, next Door to the Bear
and *Ragged-Staff* in Castle-
street. 1663.

2

POMPEY.

A

Tragedy.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

The Printer to the Reader.

I *Hope you expect no Eloquence from a Printer, nor Regularity in a Preface, which hath nothing to ſay to you, but that* Pompey *being a Tranſlation out of the French of Monſieur* Corneille, *the hand that did it is reſponſible for nothing but the Engliſh, and the Songs between the Acts, which were added only to lengthen the Play, and make it fitter for the Stage, when thoſe that could not be reſiſted were reſolved to have it acted; and that no abuſes of Tranſcribers (though they were numerous) could have prevail'd to ſend it to the Preſs, if the Perſon moſt concern'd had not fear'd to diſobey an excellent Lady, who commanded this publication, more than the ſeverity of the Cenſorious World.*

The Persons of the Play.

Julius Cæsar.
Marcus Antonius.
Lepidus.
Ptolomy, King of *Ægypt.*
Cleopatra, His Sister.
Photinus, His Governour.
Achillas, His Lieutenant General.
Septimius, A Roman in the *Ægyptian* Kings Army.
Achoreus, *Cleopatra*'s Gentleman Usher.
Charmion, *Cleopatra*'s Maid of Honour.
Cornelia, *Pompey*'s Widdow.
Philip, *Pompey*'s Freedman.
Romans and Ægyptians.

The Scene *Ptolomey*'s Pallace in *Alexandria.*

PRO-

PROLOGUE,

For the Theatre at *Dublin*, written by the Earl of *Roſcomon*,

THe mighty Rivals, whoſe deſtructive Rage
Did the whole World in Civil Armes engage:
Are now agreed, and make it both their Choice,
To have their Fates determin'd by your Voice.
Cæſar from none but You, will hear his Doom,
He hates th' obſequious Flatteries of Rome:
He ſcorns, where once he rul'd, now to be try'd,
And he hath rul'd in all the World beſide.
When he the Thames, the Danube, and the Nile
Had ſtain'd with Blood, Peace flouriſhed in this Iſle;
And you alone may Boaſt, you never ſaw
Cæſar 'till now, and now can give him Law:
Great Pompey too, comes as a ſuppliant here,
But ſayes He cannot now begin to fear.

He

He knowes your equal Juſtice, and (to tell
A Roman Truth) He knowes himſelf too well.
Succeſs, tis true, waited on Cæſar's *ſide,*
But Pompey *thinks he conquer'd when he dy'd.*
His Fortune when ſhe prov'd the moſt unkind,
Chang'd his Condition, but not Cato's *Mind.*
Then of what Doubt can Pompey's *Cauſe ad-*
Since here ſo many Cato's *Judging ſit. (mit,*

To the Ladies.

But you bright Nymphs, give Cæſar *leave to*
The greateſt Wonder of the world but you. (woo.
And hear a Muſe, who has that Hero *taught*
To ſpeak as gen'rouſly, as e're he fought.
Whoſe Eloquence from ſuch a Theme deters
All Tongues but Engliſh, and all pens but Hers.
By the juſt Fates your Sex is doubly bleſt,
You Conquer'd Cæſar, *and you praiſe him beſt.*

To the Lord Lieutenant.

And You (Illuſtrious Sir) receive as due,
A Preſent Deſtiny reſerv'd for You. (here,
Rome, France *and* England *joyn their Forces*
To make a Poem worthy of your Ear.
Accept it then, and on that Pompey's *Brow*
Who gave ſo many Crowns, beſtow one now.

POMPEY:

Act. 1. Scen. 1.

Ptolomey, *Achillas*, *Photinus*, *Septimius*.

PTOLOMY.

FAte hath declar'd her ſelf, and we may ſee
Th' Intrigue of the great Rivals Deſtiny:
That quarrel which did all the Gods divide,
Pharſalia hath the Honour to decide.
Whoſe Rivers ſwelling with new bloody Tides
(Sent thither from ſo many Parricides)
The Horrour of torn Enſigns, Chariots, Shields,
Spread in Confuſion o're th' infected Fields;
Thoſe Slaughter'd heaps whoſe ſhades no reſt obtain'd
By Nature to their own revenge conſtrain'd,
(Their Putrefactions ſeeming to Revive
The War, with thoſe that do remain alive,)
Are Dreadful rules by which the Sword thinks fit,
Pompey to caſt, and *Cæſar* to acquit.

That diſtreſs'd Leader of the Juſter Side,
Whoſe wearied Fortune hath all Help deni'd,
A terrible Example will create
To future Times, of the Extreams of Fate:
He flies, whoſe happy Courage had, till now,
Confin'd the Bay to his Victorious Brow:
He in our Ports chooſes his laſt Retreat;
And wanting Refuge from a Foe ſo Great,
His bold Misfortune ſeeks it in Abodes,
Which from the *Titans* once preſerv'd the Gods;
And from ſo fam'd a Climate, doth expect
That it ſhould Earth as well as Heav'n protect;
And lending his Deſpair a kinde Effort,
It ſhould the ſtaggering Univerſe ſupport:
Yes, the World's Fortune *Pompey* with him brings,
And hopes a Land whoſe Fame ſuch Wonder ſings,
A Prop or Tomb might to her Freedom give,
And *Pompey*'s Fall Attend, if not Releive.
This, Friends, the Subject is of our debate;
Our Triumphs he, or Ruine will create:
He hazards me, who did my Father ſave,
And does expoſe that Memphis which he gave:
We muſt now haſten, or prevent his fate,
His Ruine hinder or precipitate:
That is unſafe, and this Ignoble is;
I dread injuſtice, or unhappineſs;
And angry fortune each way offers me
Either much danger, or much infamy.
It is my part to chooſe, yours to adviſe
What you believe to be moſt ſafe and wiſe:
Pompey's Concern'd; nay, we the fame ſhall get,
Ceſar's ſucceſs to trouble, or compleat;

And never Monarchs Fortune, did afford
So great a Subject, for a Councel Board.

PHOTINUS.

When things, Sir, are determin'd by the ſword,
Juſtice is nothing, but an empty word;
And he who then Affairs would rightly weigh
Muſt not his Reaſons, but his power obey:
View your own Strength, let *Pompey* be ſurvey'd,
Whoſe Fortune Droop's, and Valour is betray'd;
Who not from *Cæſar* only takes his flight,
But from the Senates juſt Reproach and ſight,
(Whoſe greater part, were cheaply left a Prey
To the Keen Vultures of *Pharſalia*)
He flies loſt *Rome*, and every Roman now;
Who muſt to his defeat their Fetters owe.
He flies thoſe Kings who would chaſtiſe his Guilt,
Of all the blood that in his cauſe was ſpilt.
Their Kingdoms now of Men and Mony void,
Their broken Scepters and their Thrones deſtroy'd,
As Author of all Woes, abhor'd by all,
He flies the whole World, ſhatter'd by his Fall.
Can you alone reſiſt ſo many Foes?
His ſafety he did in himſelf Repoſe:
He falls, and You may yield without a Bluſh
To ſuch a weight as *Rome* her ſelf does Cruſh;
A weight which hath the Univerſe preſt down,
And the yet greater *Pompey*, overthrown.
He that will ſave, whom Heaven will have wrack't,
By too much Juſtice may a Guilt Contract.

And a fidelity ſo indiſcreet
May a ſhort Fame, but long Repentance meet:
He but a more Illuſtrious wound will have,
Which will not ſmart the leſs for being brave:
Do not for *Egypt* Thunderbolts provide,
But chooſe with Fortune, and the Gods to ſide.
Believe not they can an Injuſtice do,
But where they favour, pay your Homage too.
Whatever they decree for them declare,
And think it Impious where they frown to ſpare,
With Divine Anger, *Pompey* now beſet,
Comes to involve you too, in his Defeat.
His Head for which both Gods and Men do call
Already ſhakes, and ſeeks but where to fall:
His coming hither an Offence does ſeem
And ſhew's his Hatred rather then eſteem.
He would his ſafety with Your Ruine, buy,
And can you Doubt, if he deſerve to dye?
Had he fulfill'd what we both wiſht and thought,
And a Victorious Navy hither brought,
We then ſhould him a Joyful welcom ſhew,
Who muſt the Gods blame for his uſage now.
I of his Fortune, not of him Complain,
But with Regret Act what the Gods Ordain,
And the ſame Ponyard, once for *Cæſar* meant
Shall with a ſigh to *Pompey's* Heart be ſent.
Nor can you at a leſs rate then his Head
Secure Your Own, and ſhun the ſtorm You Dread,
Let this be thought a Crime, if ſo it muſt,
'Tis not a States-man's Virtue to be Juſt.
When Right and Wrong are in the Ballance lay'd,
The Intereſt of Kingdoms is betray'd,

Ex-

Extreameſt Rigour is the Right of Kings,
When Timorous Equity their Ruine brings,
Who fears a Crime ſhall ever be affraid,
But hee'l rule all, who all things dares invade,
Who Dangerous Virtue, as Diſgrace, does ſhun,
And to an Uſeful Crime as ſwiftly run.
This is my Thought Sir, but *Achillas* may,
Or elſe *Septimius*, chooſe ſome other way.
But this I know, whatever others like, (ſtrike.
They fear no Conquerour, who the Conquer'd

ACHILLAS.

Photin ſayes true Sir, but though *Pompey* we
Deveſted of his former Grandeur ſee,
Yet that Blood Pretious does to me appear
Which the Gods did in *Theſſaly* revere.
Not that a Crime of State ſhould be refrain'd,
But 'tis not lawful, till it be conſtrain'd:
And what need is there of ſuch Rigour here?
Who quits the Conquer'd, needs no Conquerour
You may be Neuter, as You were before: (fear.
And *Cæſar* may, if him you muſt adore;
But though you treat him as a Power Divine,
This is too great an Offring for his Shrine.
To *Mars* himſelf ſhould this Head offer'd be,
'Twould fix on Yours too black an Infamy:
Let him not be Aſſiſted nor Deſtroy'd,
And ſuch a Conduct will all blame avoid.
You owe him much Sir, for *Rome*, mov'd by him,
Help'd our laſt King his Scepter to redeem,

But

But Gratitude and Hoſpitality,
In Monarchs Breſts muſt regulated be,
Nor can a King Contract ſo great a Debt,
But that his Subjects claim a greater yet.
And all Engagements are to Princes void,
To Cancel which, their Blood muſt be Imploy'd:
Conſider too, what *Pompey* did expoſe,
When he your Father help'd againſt his Foes:
By that he made his Power the greater ſeem,
And rais'd his own Fame, by reſtoring him:
He did in ſerving him but language ſpend;
But *Cæſar's* Purſe appear'd the better Friend,
Had we not *Cæſars* thouſand Talents ſeen,
Pompey's Orations had ſmall ſuccours been.
Let him not then his Verbal merits boaſt,
For *Cæſar's* Actions have Oblig'd You moſt.
But if a benefit to Him be due,
Speak now for Him, as he did once for You:
His kindneſs ſafely thus requite you may;
But here receiv'd, He will your Scepter ſway:
This Conquer'd Roman yet a King will brave,
And in your own Dominions you enſlave.
Refuſe him Welcom then, but ſpare his Head;
But if't muſt fall, this arme ſhall ſtrike him dead:
I can obey (Sir) and ſhould Jealous grow,
If any Hand but mine ſhould ſtrike the blow.

SEPTIMIUS.

Sir, I'm a Roman, and theſe Hero's know
Pompey needs aid, and from you ſeeks it now;

You

You are his fate, may his loſt hopes revive,
Baniſh, or Kill, or give him up alive:
The firſt would coſt you much too dear a Rate,
I'le only then the other three debate.
His exile draws on You enraged Pow'r,
And does but half oblige the Conquerour;
Since to a long ſuſpenſe you will him leave,
What fate his future battles ſhall receive;
And both on you Revenge, when weary grown
The Ills, which but for You, they had not known.
To render him to *Cæſar* were the ſame,
Who muſt forgive him, to Augment his Fame:
He will a brav'ry on himſelf impoſe,
And ſwell in that falſe mercy he beſtowes;
Glad if that way, he *Pompey* can o'recome,
And in the ſame Act pleaſe ſubjected *Rome*:
But whilſt you him to this neceſſitate,
You'l purchaſe his, as well as *Pompey's* hate:
His danger and diſhonour then prevent,
Both make him great, and keep him Innocent;
Whilſt *Pompey's* Faction, you, in him deſtroy,
Let *Cæſar*, at your coſt, the Fruit enjoy:
By this advice, which you'l I hope allow,
You'l gain a Friend, and need not fear a Foe;
But if *Achillas* unſafe courſe you chooſe,
You neither gain, but both their Friendſhips looſe.

PTOLOMY.

Let us no more debate what's Juſt and fit,
But to the Worlds viciſſitude ſubmit.

Your

Your Major votes do with my Thoughts agree
Who in so great a change would active be,
Rome hath too long made an Injurious Claim
That all Men should adore the Roman Name:
Her lofty Freedom let us now throw down,
And all Her scorn in *Pompey's* Blood lets drown.
Cutting the Root by which that Pride does live,
To the Worlds Tyrants, let's a Tyrant give;
Now fate would chain an Arrogance, so fierce,
Let's help her to revenge the Universe.
Rome, thou shalt serve, & Kings which alwayes yet,
Th' hast dar'd with so much Insolence to treat,
Will *Cæsar* now, with less Regret, obey
Since thou shalt be enslav'd as well as they.
Achillas and *Septimius* loose no time,
But make us Deathless by this glorious Crime,
Of Heavens Resentment I'le the hazard run,
Who sent him hither sure to be undone.

ACHILLAS.

A Kings Command must no dispute endure.

PTOLOMY.

Go then, the Scepter which I bear, secure;
For you by this Commission are become
The Destinies of *Egypt* and of *Rome*.

Scen. 2.

Scen. 2.

Ptolomy, Photinus.

PTOLOMY.

I am mistaken *Photin*, or by this
My Sister will her expectation miss,
Pompey my Fathers Will having secur'd,
Her Coronation she believes assur'd.
And she her self the Mistress does esteem,
Of that divided Scepter left by him.
Their Antient Friendship she depends upon,
And inwardly already shares my Throne.
Whence her Ambition is become so vain,
That from its Ashes it revives again.

PHOTINUS.

Sir, 'Twas a motive I did not debate,
And yet which ought to hasten *Pompey*'s Fate.
He your Pretentions doubtless will decide,
And by your Fathers Will your Claims Divide.
To which great Trust of Friendship being true,
You know how much he disobliges you.
Nor that by this Discourse, I would remove
The Sacred Ciment of a Brothers Love,
I banish her not from your Heart, but Throne,
For he Reigns not, that does not Reign alone.

Divided Empire all wise Kings avoid,
For Pow'r Communicated is Destroy'd;
And Policy.--But, Sir, she does appear.

Scen. 3.

Ptolomy, Cleopatra, Photinus.

CLEOPATRA.

Pompey is come (Sir) and can you be here,

PTOLOMY.

That mighty Warriour I at home attend,
And him *Achillas* and *Septimius* send.

CLEOPATRA.

What? such Embassadours as those to him?

PTOLOMY.

You may go too, if they too little seem.

CLEOPATRA.

Is your own meeting him, too great a thing?

PTOLOMY.

I must remember, that I am a King.

CLEOPATRA.

Can you reflect on that, and yet be slow
To kiss the hand of him, that made you so?
And pay your homage to a Man so great?

PTOLOMY.

Did he that Title in *Thessalia* get?

CLEOPATRA.

Though none did his misfortunes help afford,
Hee's still that *Pompey* who your Crown restor'd.

PTOLOMY.

PTOLOMY.

Rather his ſhade, and but my Father Crown'd,
By whoſe Ghoſt, not by me, it ſhould be own'd,
Let him, attend his Duſt, and be content
To receive Thanks, from his cold Monument.

CLEOPATRA.

Hath ſuch a Benefit ſuch uſage met?

PTOLOMY.

I both remember it and his Defeat.

CLEOPATRA.

You do indeed but with a ſcornfull Pride.

PTOLOMY.

Time is the Standard by which things are Try'd
You, that ſo prize him may his greatneſs Court,
But know, He yet may periſh in the Port.

CLEOPATRA.

What, may his Shipwrack in the Port arrive?
And have you dar'd his Ruine to contrive.

PTOLOMY.

I have done only what the Gods inſpir'd,
And what the ſafety of my State requir'd.

CLEOPATRA.

I know but too much, *Photin*, and his Crew
Have with their wicked Councels poyſon'd you;
Souls that are but of Natures Rubbiſh fram'd.

PHOTINUS.

The Councel, Madam, will not be diſclaim'd.

CLEOPATRA.

'Tis the King, *Photin*, I diſcourſe with now;
Stay then, till I deſcend to talke to you.

PTOLOMY.

You muſt a little with her ſcorn diſpenſe,
I know her hatred, and your innocence;
But ſhe's my Siſter, give her humour vent.

CLEOPATRA.

Sir, If too late it be not to repent,
Shake off at length, a Yoke that is ſo vile,
And call your Virtue back from her exile:
That magnanimity ſo great, and good,
Which is convey'd to Princes, with their Blood.

PTOLOMY.

Swell'd with a hope, in vain by you foreſeen,
You ſpeak to me of *Pompey*, like a Queen:
Through your falſe zeal, flaſhes of Pride eſcape;
And Intereſt does act in Virtues ſhape:
Confeſs it then, you had been ſilent ſtill,
Were it not for the King our Fathers Will;
You know who kept it?

CLEOPATRA.

And you ſhall Know too,
Virtue alone prompts me to what I do.
For if I did my own advantage ſeek,
I ſhould for *Cæſar*, not for *Pompey* ſpeak:
Receive a ſecret I conceal'd before,
And after that, never reproach me more.
When none that bold Rebellion could withſtand,
Which rob'd our Father, of his Crown and Land,
The injur'd King forſook his Native ſhoar,
And *Romes* great Senate did for Aid Implore.
With him we went, their pitty to engage,
You very Young; but I was in an Age,

When

When Nature had ſupply'd my Eyes with Darts,
Already Active in ſubduing hearts.
Caſar receiv'd, or elſe pretended love,
And by his Actions, would his Paſſion prove.
But ſince the Senat's Pique to him he knew,
He their lov'd *Pompey*, to our party drew.
Whoſe high concern for us, on *Caſar's* ſcore,
Was the laſt fruit their Friendſhip ever bore.
Of this you do inherit the event.
But ſuch a Lover not with it content,
When by th' aſſiſtance of ſo great a Man,
In our behalf the Roman ſuffrage ran,
Reſolving further Kindneſs to impart,
He gave his Treaſure to attend his Heart:
And from the bounty of his growing flame,
Theſe ſinews both of War and Power came:
Thoſe thouſands Talents which we owe him yet,
Forc'd our revolted *Egypt* to ſubmit.
On this the King reflecting, when he dy'd,
Betwixt us did his Dignity divide;
And by his Sovereign Right, on me beſtow'd
A part of what, he to my Beauty ow'd:
Whilſt you, who this great reaſon never knew,
Thought that his Favour, which was but my due;
And Your dread Father, partiall dar'd to call,
Who gave me half, when yet he ow'd me all.

PTOLOMY.

This Story, you with Art enough contrive.

CLEOPATRA.

I am aſſur'd, *Caſar* will ſoon arrive.
And a few hours will ſuch a change effect,
As your Dark Policy did leaſt expect.

And

And shew you why I spoke so like a Queen,
Who the loath'd Object of your scorn have been.
You in the Throne, usurp'd my equal Seat,
And as a Slave you did your Sister Treat;
Till I was forc'd to shun a ruder Fate,
To stoop and Court your Ministers of State.
Whose steel or poyson, I still fear'd: but Know
Pompey or *Cæsar* will secure me now;
And whatsoe're your Sycophants Ordain,
I now am sure my Scepter to obtain:
Till when, my Pride shall leave you, to divine
In this Contest, what could be my design.

PTOLOMY.

What think you *Photin*, of this lofty Mind?

PHOTIN.

My spirit, Sir, to wonder is resigned,
And nothing but amazement can express
At such a secret as I never could guess,
My thoughts are so unquiet and confus'd,
I scarce know what expedient should be us'd.

PTOLOMY.

Shall we save *Pompey*?

PHOTIN.

Had you that decreed,
Yet it were now convenient he should bleed.
Your Sister hates you, she is fair and fierce,
And if she such Victorious Charmes disperse;
The head of *Pompey* only, can suffice
To win the heart of *Cæsar* from her Eyes.

PTOLOMY.

PTOLOMY.

This dangerous woman hath a subtle wit.

PHOTIN.

But such a service will out-ballance it.

PTOLOMY.

But what if *Cæsar* still her Pow'r Obey?

PHOTIN.

Then flatter her, yet mind not what I say,
Till first you ask, in an affair so Nice,
Achillas and *Septimius* best advice.

PTOLOMY.

Lets from the Tow'r see them act *Pompey's* doom,
And this Debate at their return, resume.

After the first Act of *Pompey*, The King and *Photin* should be discovered, sitting and hearkning to this song.

SInce affairs of the State, are already decreed,
Make room for Affairs of the Court,
Employment, and Pleasure each other succeed,
Because they each other support.
Were Princes confin'd
From slackning their Mind,
When by Care it is rusled and Curl'd.
A Crown would appear
Too heavy to wear
And no Man would govern the World.

If the Gods themselves who have power enough,
In diversions are various, and oft,
Since the business of Kings is angry and rough,
Their Intervals ought to be soft.
Were Princes confin'd, &c.

To

To our Monarch we owe, whatsoe'er we enjoy:
And no grateful Subjects were those,
Who would not the safety, he gives them, employ
To contribute to his repose.
Were Princes confin'd, &c.

After which an Antick dance of Gypsies should be presented.

Act. 2. Scen. 1.

Cleopatra, Charmion.

CLEOPATRA.

I Love him, but a Flame so much refin'd,
How bright soever, dazles not my mind:
For Virtue makes my inclination know,
What *Cæsars* Mistress does to *Pompey* owe:
And none dares own a passion so sublime,
But she that scorn's the shaddow of a crime.
I should but smal Respect to *Cæsar* pay,
To seek his love in an unhandsom way.

CHARMION.

Can you love *Cæsar*, Madam, and advise
That *Egypt* should in Armes against him rise?
That they should *Pompey* against him Protect,
And his *Pharsalian* Triumphs should be checkt,
Sure Love in you does little Empire shew.

CLEOPATRA.

This to their high extraction Princes owe,
That

That by th' Assistance, of their Royal Blood,
Their Passions are more easily subdu'd.
Their honour still the Victory will have,
And whilst they trust themselves, they still are
All the Disorders, which in Kings we see, (brave.
To others Councels must imputed be.
This I the cause of *Pompey's* ruine Deem;
The King would help, but *Photin* murthers him.
Whose Councel hath his Masters faith o'rethrown,
Which still had sway'd, had he observ'd his own.

CHARMION.

You then who *Cæsar* love, and yet oppose.

CLEOPATRA.

The Love I cherish no dishonour knows,
But worthy him.

CHARMION.

Are you of his secur'd?

CLEOPATRA.

I think I am.

CHARMION.

But are you well assur'd?

CLEOPATRA.

Know that a Princess by her glory mov'd,
No Love confesses till she be belov'd.
Nor the most noble passion ever shows,
When it shall her to a Contempt expose.
At *Rome*, I first did *Cæsars* Heart invade,
Where he the first expression of it made;
And ever since, he did to me renew,
The Tribute of his Vows and Laurels too.
He march'd through *Italy*, through *Gaule* and *Spain*,
With Love in's Breast, and fortune in his Train:

Nor did he ever make ſo brave a Prize,
But he pay'd Homage for it to theſe Eyes.
With the ſame hand, which did that weapon quit
With Blood of *Pompey*'s party reeking yet,
He writ complaints, and put my fetters on,
Ev'n in the Field, which he had newly won.
Yes from *Pharſalia* his ſubmiſſions came,
And if his ſpeed be equal to his flame,
Or rather, if the Sea befriend his Fleet,
Egypt ſhall ſee him ſhortly at my feet.
He comes my *Charmion*, and from me alone,
Seeks the reward of all that he hath done.
And all his glory, to my Shrine he brings,
With the ſame hand, which gives the law to Kings.
So that ev'n in his Triumphs, my diſdain
Can make the Man, that rules the World, complain.

CHARMION.

Yet I dare ſwear, your charmes a pow'r enjoy
Which though they boaſt of, they will n'ere employ.
And the great *Cæſar* ſhall no trouble know,
If it can only from your rigour grow.
But what can you expect from *Cæſars* flames,
Wherein ſuch right another Woman claims,
His freedom he by marriage hath reſign'd,
And only to *Calphurnia* is confin'd.

CLEOPATRA.

But a Divorce, at *Rome* ſo common now,
May remove her, and my deſires allow.
Cæſar's experience him to that may lead,
Since 'twas *Calphurnia's* Paſſage to his bed.

CHARMION.

CHARMION.

But the ſame way, may you at length remove.

CLEOPATRA.

Perhaps I better ſhall ſecure his love,
Perhaps my paſſion may find out an Art
Better to manage that Illuſtrious Heart.
But let's to Heaven leave what may arrive,
And this Allyance (if we can) contrive.
Were it but one day, 'twere enough for me,
// One day, the Miſtreſs of the World to be.
// I have Ambition, and bee't good or ill,
// It is the only Soveraign of my Will.
And 'tis this Noble paſſion ſure, or none,
A Princeſs may without a Blemiſh own.
But yet with Glory I would it enflame,
Nor would buy greatneſs with the loſs of Fame,
For I the brighteſt Crown can ſcorn to touch,
When 'tis attended with the leaſt Reproach.
Wonder not then, that I ſo much purſue
Pompey's defence, and would my Duty doe.
His injur'd virtue, ſince I cannot right:
My ſecret Wiſhes muſt invoke his flight.
That ſome kind ſtorm may ſo his Ships diſperſe,
As may preſerve him from his Murtherers.
But faithfull *Achoreus* comes, and he
Will quickly tell us *Pompey's* Deſtiny.

Scen. 2.

Cleopatra, Charmion, Achoreus.

CLEOPATRA.

What, is it done, and hath ſome Treacherous hand
With that Rich blood ſtain'd our unhappy ſtrand?

ACHOREUS.

By your commands, I to the ſhore did run,
And ſaw this Treaſon, in its Horrour done.
I ſaw the greateſt Mortal looſe his Breath,
And though a ſad, I ſaw a glorious Death.
And ſince a ſtory you require from me,
So much his Honour, and our Infamy:
Hear then his fate, and wonder, and bewail,
His three Ships in the Harbour ſtriking ſail,
When to our ready Gallies he approach'd,
He thought the King, with his misfortunes touch'd,
By noble ſenſe of Honour, did intend
With all his Court to meet ſo brave a friend.
But when he only ſaw a ſquiffe prepar'd,
And that too fill'd with Ruffians of his guard:
Th' ingrateful Treachery did then appear,
And gave him ſome approaches of a fear:
But ſeeing Arm'd Men on our Ships and Shoar,
He bluſh'd his Apprehenſions were ſo Poor;
And when the Danger, was ſo near him brought,
He only on *Cornelia's* ſafety thought.
" Let's but expoſe, ſayes he, this ſingle head
" To a Reception we may ſo much dread.

" But

" But whilſt I only do the ſhocke ſuſtain,
" Haſten thy Flight, and my revenge obtain.
" King *Juba* is more gen'rouſly inclin'd,
" Where thou thy Father, and my Sons ſhalt find:
" But if their Deaths ſhould thee of them deprive,
" Never Deſpair while *Cato* is alive.
While their conteſt on this, was ſad and kind;
Achillas fatal boat their Veſſel Joyn'd:
Septimius then, to get him in his Pow'r,
I'th Roman Language call'd him Emperour;
And as deputed from th' Egyptian Prince,
Let, Sir, ſayes he, this barke convey you hence;
The Shelfs and Sands, which under water lye,
To greater Veſſels an Acceſs deny.
The *Hero* ſaw; and ſmil'd at this abuſe;
He then receiv'd his Wifes and Friends adieus,
Their ſtay commanded, and to death did go
With the ſame look, as he did Crown's beſtow:
With the ſame Majeſty writ in his Brow,
He ſat unmov'd among his Murtherers now:
His ſtedfaſt Courage, did his Conduct ſeem,
Philip his Freed-man only follow'd him,
Of whom, what I have told you I did learn,
But ſaw the reſt my ſelf with ſad concern:
And think, (ſo mournful it to me appears)
Cæſar himſelf could not refuſe it Tears.

CLEOPATRA.

But ſpare not mine, nor let them intercept
A ſtory, which I have already wept.

ACHOREUS.

ACHOREUS.

Whilſt toward Land they brought him, not a word
To the unhappy *Pompey* they afford;
In which contempt, he did foreſee his end.
At length arriv'd, they ask him to deſcend,
He Riſing, as *Achillas* ſtood behind
Drawing his Sword, for what they had deſign'd,
Septimius, and three Romans more embrew'd,
Their Guilty hand in that Heroick Blood.
Till ev'n *Achillas* was with horrour ſtrook,
Upon a Rage ſo Barbarous to look.

CLEOPATRA.

You Gods, who Nations do chaſtiſe with War,
When you Revenge this Death, our Cities ſpare!
And not the place, but Actors look upon,
The crime of *Egypt* was by Romans done.
But tell me what this Worthy ſaid, and did.

ACHOREUS.

With his Robes border he his viſage hid,
Blindly his cruel Deſtiny obey'd;
And would not ſee that Heav'n, which him betray'd:
Leaſt any look of his, in ſuch a ſtroak,
Should its aſſiſtance, or Revenge invoke.
Not the leaſt poor complaint fell from his Tongue,
Or ought that ſpoke him worthy of his wrong:
But that deſpiſing, made his laſt Retreat
To all that in his Life, was good or great;
And held the treaſon, which the King had wrought,
Too much below him to imploy his thought.

His

His Virtue, by their crime more brightly ſhone,
And his laſt Gaſpe, was an Illuſtrious one.
This great Soul fled, his Body did expoſe
To th' greedy Eyes, of his inhumane Foes:
His Head, which tumbled on the bluſhing Deck,
(By vile *Septimius* ſever'd from his neck.)
Upon *Achillas* lance we fixed ſee,
As after Battles Trophyes uſe to be:
And to conclude a Deſtiny ſo ſad,
The Sea was all the Sepulcher he had.
To fortune now, his ſlaughter'd Corps reſign'd,
Floats at the Pleaſure of the Wave and Winde.
The Poor *Cornelia* at the Dreadfull view.

CLEOPATRA.

O Gods! What could ſhe either ſay or do!

ACHOREUS.

By dreadful ſhrieks, ſhe try'd his Life to ſhield,
Then hopeleſs up to Heav'n her hands ſhe held:
And by her mighty ſorrow overthrown,
Fell either dead, or in a deadly ſwoon.
In this Diſtreſs, her Ships imploy their Oars
To gain the Sea, and quit thoſe horrid Shoars.
But infamous *Septimius* having thought
Cornelia's flight, rob'd him of half his fault:
Has with ſix Ships haſten'd to her purſuit,
And the dead *Pompey* ſtill does perſecute.
But whilſt to th' King *Achillas* brings the Prize,
The trembling People turn'd away their eyes.
One does with horror on the guilt reflect,
And a Revenging Earthquake does expect:

This

This hears it Thunder, and that does believe
Nature a Revolution muſt receive.
Their Reaſon, troubled by the Crimes extent,
Cannot but dread as vaſt a Puniſhment.
Philip mean while ſhews on the River ſide,
That his mean fortune a brave ſoul did hide.
He curiouſly examines every wave,
For that rich Pledge, which Treaſon to them gave:
That thoſe lov'd Bones he piouſly might burn,
And give him one, though an inglorious Urne.
And with a little Duſt, a Tomb erect
To him, who did the Univerſe ſubject.
But whilſt *Cornelia* they one way purſue,
Another we might *Cæſars* coming view,
A Navy which can hardly Reckon'd be:

CLEOPATRA.

Ne're Doubt it, *Achoreus*, it is he;
Tremble bad Men, at your approaching Doom,
My Breath is now your Deſtiny become.
Cæſar's come, I'm a Queen, *Pompey's* reveng'd,
Tyranny ruin'd, and the times are chang'd.
"But let's with wonder on the Great reflect;
"Pity their Fortune, and our own ſuſpect:
He who we thought ev'n Fate her ſelf had ſway'd,
Who rul'd a Senate which the World obey'd:
Whom his own *Rome* ſaw (almoſt Deifi'd)
Over the World's three Parts in Triumph ride;
And who in the laſt hazards of his Fate,
Saw both the Conſuls on his Standards wait:
As ſoon as Fortune one unkindneſs ſhows,
Egyptian Monſters of his Life diſpoſe:

And

And a *Photinus*, or *Septimius*, can
Govern the Destiny of such a Man.
A King who ow's him, ev'n the Crown he wears,
Exposing him to those base Flatterers.
So fell the mighty *Pompey*, and so may
Cæsar himself perhaps another day.
O may the Gods the Augury disprove!
And make his Fortune constant as my Love.

CHARMION.

The King comes Madam, who may overhear.

Scen. 3.

Ptolomy, Cleopatra.

PTOLOMY.

Know you what happiness is Drawing near?

CLEOPATRA.

Yes I have heard it, the great *Cæsar's* come:
And *Photin* shall no more pronounce my Doom:

PTOLOMY.

That faithful Subject, you could ne're endure.

CLEOPATRA.

No, but am from his Projects now secure.

PTOLOMY.

Which of his Plots could you so much offend?

CLEOPATRA.

I've much endur'd, and more may apprehend:
For such a Polititian is not Nice,
And you are alwayes steer'd by his Advice.

PTOLOMY.

If I believe him, I his prudence ſee.

CLEOPATRA.

And I who fear him, Know his cruelty.

PTOLOMY.

For a Crown's ſafety all things juſt appear.

CLEOPATRA.

That kind of equity creates my fear,
My ſhare of Power hath been by it loſt,
And now it has the head of *Pompey* coſt.

PTOLOMY.

Never a game of State was more adviſ'd,
For elſe by *Cæſar* we had been ſurpris'd:
You ſee his ſpeed, and we had been ſubdu'd,
Before we could in our defence have ſtood.
But now I to a Conquerour ſo great,
Your Heart may offer, and my Royal ſeat.

CLEOPATRA.

Make your own Preſents, I'le diſpoſe of mine,
Nor others Intereſts with Yours combine.

PTOLOMY.

Our Blood's the ſame, uniting me and you.

CLEOPATRA.

You might have ſaid, our Rank unites us too.
We both are Soveraigns, yet 'twill be confeſt,
There is ſome Difference in our Intereſt.

PTOLOMY.

Yes, Siſter, for my Heart is well content
Only with *Egypts* narrow Continent.
But now your Beauty, *Cæſars* Heart does wound,
Tagus and *Ganges* muſt your Empire bound.

CLEOPATRA.

I have Ambition, but it is confin'd,
It may surprize my Soul, but never blind.
T' upbraid me with those bounds there is no need,
I know my Reach, and shall not that exceed.

PTOLOMY.

Your Fortune smiles and you th' advantage use.

CLEOPATRA.

You may revile me, if I that abuse.

PTOLOMY.

I hope the best, Love no ill Fruit can bear.

CLEOPATRA.

You seem to hope, what really you fear.
But though the Gods my just pretensions Crown,
You need not doube I'le ask, but what's my own.
You ne're shall Anger from your Sister find,
Though you'r a Cruel Brother, I'le be kind.

PTOLOMY.

But yet methinks you do discover Pride.

CLEOPATRA.

Time is the Standard, whereby things are try'd.

PTOLOMY.

Your present carriage that doth plainly shew.

CLEOPATRA.

Cæsar is come and you've a Master now.

PTOLOMY.

I made him mine who the Worlds Master is.

CLEOPATRA.

Pay him your Homage, while I look for his.
In this Address you may your self be seen,
But Ile remember that I am a Queen.

Photin will help you to receive him now,
Advise with him, hee'l tell you what's to do.

Act. 2. Scen. 4.

Ptolomy, Photinus.

PTOLOMY.

I have observ'd thy Counsel, but find since
To flatter her, but swells her insolence.
For with her Pride she did affront me so,
That I at last fell into Passion too.
This Arme enrag'd by her, could scarce forbear
(Without a Thought that *Cæsar* was so near)
Dispatching her (as safe as she does seem)
To have complain'd to *Pompey*, not to him.
She talks already at that haughty rate,
That if great *Cæsar* please her Pride and Hate,
And she o're him her boasted Empire have,
Her Brother and her King must be her Slave.
No, no, we needs must Frustrate that intent,
" Nor poorly wait the Ills we may prevent.
Let's spoile her of her Power to disdain,
And break those Charmes whereby she hopes to reign:
Nor after such indignities, let's brook,
That she should buy my Scepter with a look.

PHOTINUS.

Do not for *Cæsar*, Sir, pretence provide
That *Egypt* should be to his Triumphs Ty'd:

For this Ambitious Man which through the world,
Hath War and Slavery together hurl'd;
Swell'd with his Conqueſt, and a Rage ſo ſmart,
As ſuch a loſs, writes in a Lovers Heart:
Though you but act, what Equity approves,
Will thence ground his revenge for what he loves:
As for a crime, Hee'l you to Bondage bring,
Though you did only what became a King.

PTOLOMY.

If *Cleopatra* ſees him ſhee's a Queen.

PHOTINUS.

But if ſhe dye your Ruine is foreſeen.

PTOLOMY.

Who ruines me ſhould on my fall attend.

PHOTINUS.

To ruine her you muſt your ſelf befriend.

PTOLOMY.

What? muſt my Crown upon her Temples ſhine?
No, if my Scepter I muſt needs reſign,
The Conquerour ſhall rather it command.

PHOTINUS.

You'l ſooner force it from a Siſters hand.
How great ſoever now his flames appear,
He muſt be gone, and leave You Maſter here.
Love in ſuch Men, ſeldom that room can find,
Which to their Intereſt will not be reſign'd,
With *Juba*, *Scipio*, and with *Pompeys* Sons,
Spain, to Revenge, he knows, with *Affrick* runs:
And while that Party are not yet o'rethrown,
He cannot ſafely call the World his own.
Caeſar's too great a Captain, to o'reſee
The Purſuit of *Pharſalia's* Victory:

And

And leave such fierce Hearts, on revenge intent,
To rise from their so late Astonishment.
If he his ends Obtain, and them o'recom,
He his gain'd Empire must secure at *Rome*:
And there the fruit of his success enjoy,
Whilst he at pleasure does her laws Destroy.
Judge in that time, what great things you may do,
See *Cæsar* then, and strive to please him too.
Resign him all, but yet this Rule intend,
That future things on accidents Depend.
Your Throne and Scepter give into his hand,
And without murmur yeild to his Command:
He will believe that Justice he shall do
If he your Fathers Testament pursue;
Besides this signal service you have done;
Will give you still some Title to your Throne.
Entire submission to his Orders shew,
Applaud his Judgment, but then let him go.
That time for our Revenge will be most fit,
When we can Act, as well as think of it.
With temper let these Passions then be born,
Which were excited by your Sisters scorn.
Boasts are but Air, and he revenges best,
Who Acts his braver Thoughts, yet talks the least.

PTOLOMY.

O thy Advice my greatest Comfort brings,
A Prudent Counsellour's the bliss of Kings.
Come dear Supporter of my Throne, let's go,
And to save all, on *Cæsar* all bestow.
His Pride let's flatter with an empty State,
And with our whole Fleet on him hither Wait.

After

After the ſecond Act, this Song is to be ſung by two Egyptian Prieſts on the Stage.

1.

SEE *how Victorious* Cæſar's *Pride*
Does Neptune's *Boſom ſweep!*
And with Theſſalian *Fortune ride*
In Triumph o're the Deep.

2.

What Rival of the Gods is this
Who dare's do more then they?
Whoſe Feet the Fates themſelves do kiſs
And Sea, and Land obey.

1.

What can the Fortunate withſtand?
For this reſiſtleſs He,
Rivers of Blood brings on the Land,
And Bulwarks on the Sea.

2.

Since Gods as well as Men ſubmit,
And Cæſar's *favour woe,*
Virtue her ſelf, may think it fit
That Egypt *court him too.*

1.

But Pompey's *Head's a rate to dear,*
For by that impious price
The God leſs Noble will appear
Than do's the Sacrifice.

2. *If*

2.

If Justice be a thing divine,
The Gods should it maintain,
For us t' attempt what they decline,
Would be as rash as vain.

Chorus.

How desperate is our Princes Fate?
What hazzard doe's he run?
He must be wicked to be great,
Or to be just, undone.

Act. 3. Scen. 1.

Charmion, Achoreus.

CHARMION.

YEs, whilst the King himself is gone to meet *Cæsar*, and lay his Scepter at his Feet.
To her Appartment *Cleopatra* went,
And there unmov'd expects his Complement.
What words have you to cloath this Humour in?

ACHOREUS.

'Tis Noble Pride and worthy of a Queen.
Who with Heroick courage does make good
The Honour of her Rank, and of her Blood.

May I ſpeak to Her?

CHARMION.

No, but ſhe hath ſent
Me to enquire this meetings great event.
How *Cæſar* on this Gift himſelf explain'd,
Whether it were acknowledg'd or diſdain'd.
If he the fierce takes, or the gentler way,
And what he to our Murtherers could ſay.

ACHOREUS.

The head of *Pompey* hath already coſt,
More than they will have any cauſe to boaſt:
For whether *Cæſar* be or ſeem ſevere,
Yet I for them have ground enough to fear.
If they lov'd *Ptolomy*, they ſerv'd him ill,
You ſaw him part, and I purſu'd him ſtill.
When from the City his well order'd Fleet,
Advanc'd a League, that they might *Cæſar* meet.
He with ſpread Sails arriv'd, and as in Wars
He ſtill had been the Favourite of *Mars*:
So *Neptune* to his Navy was ſo kind,
His Fortune was not fairer than his wind.
Our Prince was ſo Aſtoniſh'd when they met,
As if he did his Crowned Head forget.
Through his falſe Joy his Terrour he Confeſs'd,
And all his Actions his low Thoughts expreſs'd.
I my ſelf bluſh'd as at a ſhamefull Thing,
There to ſee *Ptolomy*, but not the King;
Cæſar who ſaw his Courage thus expire,
In pitty flatter'd him to raiſe it higher.
He with low voice offering his Fatal gift,
" Now Sir, ſayes he you have no Rival left.

" What in *Theſſalia*, not the Gods could do,
" I give you *Pompey* and *Cornelia* too.
" Here's one, and though the other flight did take,
" Six Ships of mine will quickly bring her back.
Achillas then the great Head did expoſe,
Which ſtill to ſpeak it ſelf ſeem'd to diſpoſe.
At this new injury ſome warm Remain
Did in imperfect groans ſeem to complain.
I thought his open mouth and ghaſtly look,
Recall'd the Soul which ſcarce her leave had took;
And his laſt anger ſeem'd with dying Breath,
To charge the Gods with his Defeat and Death.
Cæſar ſeem'd Thunder ſtricken at this view,
As not reſolv'd what to believe or do.
Immoveably on that ſad Object ty'd;
He long from us his inward thought did hide,
And I would ſay if I durſt make a gueſs,
By what our Nature uſes to expreſs:
Some ſuch malignant Pleaſure he enjoy'd,
As his offended honour ſcarce deſtroy'd.
That the whole World now in his Power lies,
Could not but bring ſome flattering ſurprize.
But though a while this conflict he endur'd,
Yet his great Soul it ſelf ſoon re-aſſur'd.
Though he loves Power, yet he Treaſon hates,
Himſelf he Judges, on himſelf debates.
Each Joy and Grief at reaſons bar appears,
At length reſolv'd, he firſt let fall ſome Tears.
His Virtues Empire he by force regains,
And Nobleſt Thoughts by that weak ſign explains.
The horrid preſent from his ſight expell'd,
His Eyes and Hands he up to Heaven held.

In

In a few words their insolence repress'd,
And after did in Pensive silence rest.
Nor even to his Romans could reply,
But with a heavy sigh and furious Eye.
At last with Thirty Cohorts come to Land,
To seize the Gates and Ports he does command.
The Guards he set, and secret Orders sent,
Shew his Distrust, as well as Discontent.
Egypt he speaks of, as a Province won,
And now calls *Pompey* not a Foe, but Son.
This I observ'd.

CHARMION.

By which the Queen may find
The Just *Osiris* to her Vows inclin'd:
Whilst with this happy News to her I fly,
Do you preserve her your Fidelity,

ACHOREUS.

Ne're doubt it; but here *Cæsar* comes, go then
Describe the Consternation of our Men:
And whatsoever proves to be their Fate;
Ile first observe, and then to her Relate.

Scen. 2.

Cæsar, Ptolomy, Lepidus, Photinus, Achorens, Roman and Egyptian Souldiers.

PTOLOMY.

Great Sir, ascend the Throne, and govern Us.

CÆSAR.

Do you Know *Cæsar*, and speak to him thus?
What worse could envious Fortune offer me?
Who alike hate a Crown, and Infamy.
This to accept, would all my Boast confute,
That *Rome* did me unjustly Persecute: (where,
Rome, who both scorns, and gives Crowns every
And nothing sees in Kings, to love or fear;
Nay, at our Birth, does all our Souls enflame,
To slight the Ranke, and to abhor the Name.
This truth you might have learn'd from *Pompey*,
If he such Offers lik'd, could shun them too. (who
Both Throne and King had honour'd been, t' afford
Service to him who had them both restor'd:
So glorious had been even ill success,
In such a Cause, that Triumphs had been less:
And if your Fortune safety had deny'd,
To have bestow'd it, had been *Cæsars* Pride:
But though you would not own so brave a strife,
What right had you to that Illustrious Life?

Who

Who that rich Blood to wash your hands allow'd,
That to the meaneſt Roman ſhould have bow'd?
Was it for you, *Pharſalia's* Field I won;
Wherein ſo many Nations were undone?
And did I purchaſe at ſo high a Rate,
That you ſhould be the Arbiters of Fate?
If I in *Pompey* that could ne're admit,
Shall you eſcape, o're him aſſuming it?
How much is my Succeſs abus'd by you,
Who attempt more then ever I durſt do?
What Name, think you, will ſuch a blow become,
Which has uſurp'd the Soveraignty of *Rome*?
And in one Perſon did affront her more,
Then could the *Aſian* Maſſacre before.
Do you imagine I ſhall e're agree
You would have been more ſcrupulous for me?
No, had you *Pompey* here Victorious ſeen,
My Head to him had ſuch a Preſent been:
I to my Conqueſt your Submiſſions owe,
When all Wrongs had purſu'd my Overthrow.
You do adore the Conquerour, not me;
I but enjoy it by Felicity.
Dangerous Friendſhip! Kindneſs to be fear'd!
Which turnes with Fortune, and by her is ſteer'd.
But ſpeak; this Silence does encreaſe your Sin.

PTOLOMY.

Never hath my Confuſion greater been;
And I believe, Sir, you'l allow it me,
Since I, a King born, now a Maſter ſee:
Where at my frown, each Man did trembling ſtand,
And every Word of mine, was a Command;

I see a New Court, and Another sway,
And I have nothing left, but to obey:
Your very Look abates my Spirits force;
And can it be regain'd by your Discourse?
Judge how I can from such a Trouble cease,
Which my Respects create, and Fears encrease:
And what can an astonisht Prince express,
Who Anger sees in that Majestique Dress?
And whose Amazements do his Soul subdue,
That *Pompey's* Death should be reveng'd by You.
Yet I must say, whatever he bestow'd,
We owe you more, then ever him we ow'd:
Your Favour was the first to us expres't,
And all he did, was done at your Request;
He did the Senate move for injur'd Kings
And them that Prayer to our Assistance brings
But all that He for *Egypt* could obtain,
Without your Mony, Sir, had been in vain:
By that his Rebels our late King subdu'd,
And you have Right to all our Gratitude:
We *Pompey* as your Friend and Son rever'd,
But when he your Competitour appear'd,
When of your Fortune he suspicious grew,
Tyranny sought and dar'd to fight with you——

CÆSAR.

Forbear, your hatreds Thirst his Blood supplies,
Touch not his Glory, let his Life suffice;
Say nothing here that *Rome* still dares deny,
But plead your Cause without a Calumny.

PTOLOMY.

PTOLOMY.

Then let the Gods be Judges of his Thought;
I only ſay, That in the Wars laſt fought,
To which ſo many Wrongs did you perſwade,
Our Vows for your ſucceſs were only made:
And ſince he ever ſought your Blood to ſpill,
I thought his Death a neceſſary Ill.
For as his groundleſs Hatred daily grew,
He would, by all wayes, the Diſpute renew;
Or if at length, he fell into your Hand (ſtand:
We fear'd your Mercy would your Right with-
For to that Pitch your ſenſe of Honour flies,
As would to Fame your Safety Sacrifice;
Which made me Judge, in ſo extream an Ill,
We ought to ſerve you, Sir, againſt your will;
My forward Zeal th' occaſion did embrace,
Without your leave, and to my own diſgrace:
And this you as a Crime in me diſclaim,
But nothing done for you deſerves that Name:
I ſtain'd my Hands, your Danger to remove,
Which Act you may enjoy, and diſapprove;
Nay by my Guilt, my Merit higher growes;
Since I my Glory gave for your Repoſe
And by that greateſt Victim have procur'd
Your Glory and your Power to be aſſur'd.

CÆSAR.

You employ, *Ptolomy*, ſuch Crafty Words,
And weak Excuſes as your Cauſe affords;
Your Zeal was falſe, if 'twere affraid to ſee
What all Mankind beg'd of the Gods ſhould be:

And

And did to you ſuch ſubtilties Convey,
As ſtole the Fruit of all my Wars away;
Where Honour me engag'd, and where the end
Was of a Foe ſubdu'd, to make a Friend;
Where the worſt Enemies that I have met,
When they are conquer'd, I as Brother Treat:
And my Ambition only this Deſign'd,
To Kill their Hate, and force them to be kind;
How bleſt a Period of the War 't had been,
If the glad World had in one Chariot ſeen
Pompey and *Cæſar* at once to have ſate
Triumphant over all their former Hate!
Theſe were the Dangers you fear'd ſhould befall;
O fear Ridiculous! and Criminal!
You fear'd my Mercy, but that trouble quit,
And wiſh it rather; you have need of it.
For I am ſure ſtrict Juſtice would conſent
I ſhould appeaſe *Rome* with your puniſhment.
Not your Reſpects, nor your Repentance now,
No nor your Ranke, preſerves you from that Blow:
Ev'n on your Throne I would revenge your Guilt,
But *Cleopatra's* Blood muſt not be ſpilt:
Wherefore your Flatterers only I condemn;
And muſt expect you'l do me Right on them:
For what in this I ſhall obſerve you do,
Muſt be the Rule of my Eſteem for you:
To the great *Pompey* Altars now erect,
And to him pay, as to the Gods, Reſpect.
By Sacrifices your Offenſe expell,
But have a Care you chooſe your Victims well.
Go then, and whilſt you do for this prepare,
I muſt ſtay here about another Care.

Scen. 3.

Scen. 3.

Cæsar, Antonius, Lepidus.

CÆSAR.

Antonius, have you this bright Princeſs ſeen?

ANTONIUS.

Yes, Sir, I have, and ſhee's a matchleſs Queen;
With ſuch proportion Heaven never yet
All Beauties both of Minde and Body knit;
So ſweet a Greatneſs in her Face does ſhine,
The Nobleſt Courage muſt to it reſign;
Her Looks and Language with ſuch eaſe ſubdue,
If I were *Cæsar*, I ſhould love her too.

CÆSAR.

How was the Offer of my Love receiv'd?

ANTONIUS.

As doubted, and yet inwardly believ'd:
She modeſtly declin'd her higheſt aims,
And thinks ſhe Merits, what ſhe moſt diſclaims.

CÆSAR.

But can I hope her love?

ANTONIUS.

Can ſhe have yours?
As that your Joyes, ſo this her Crown ſecures.
To gain that Heart can you believe it hard,
Whoſe kindneſs you with Empire can reward?
Then let your Paſſion all its Doubts diſband,
For what can *Pompey's* Conquerour withſtand?

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Then let your Paſſion all its Doubts diſband,
For what can *Pompey's* Conquerour withſtand?

But yet her Fear to her remembrance brings,
How little *Rome* hath ever valu'd Kings;
And more then that, ſhe dreads *Calphurnia's* Love;
But both theſe Rubs your preſence will remove,
And your ſucceſsfull Hope all Miſts will break,
If you vouchſafe but for your Self to ſpeak.

CÆSAR.

Let's go then, and theſe needleſs ſcruples quit,
Shewing my Heart to Her that wounded it:
Come let us ſtay no longer.

ANTONIUS.

But firſt know,
Cornelia is within your Power now:
Septimius brings her, boaſting of his Fault,
And thinks by that, he hath your Favour bought.
But once aſhoar your Guards (by Orders taught)
No notice took, but hither both have brought.

CÆSAR.

Then let her enter: Ah unwelcome News!
Which my Impatience does ſo roughly uſe!
O Heaven! and am I not allow'd to pay
My Love this ſmall remainder of one day?

Scen. 4.

Cæſar, Cornelia, Antonius, Lepidus, Septimius.

SEPTIMIUS.

Sir.——

CÆSAR.

Go *Septimius* for your Maſter look,
Cæſar a Traytors preſence cannot Brook;
A Roman, who to ſerve a King could be
Content, when he had *Pompey* ſerv'd, and me.

[*Exit Septimius.*

CORNELIA.

Cæſar, that envious Fate which I can brave,
Makes me thy Priſoner, but not thy Slave:
Expect not then my Heart ſhould e're afford
To pay thee Homage, or to call thee Lord:
How rude ſoever Fortune makes her Blow;
I *Craſſus* Widow once, and *Pompey's* now;
Great *Scipio's* Daughter, (and what's higher yet)
A Roman, have a Courage ſtill more great;
And of all Stroaks her Cruelty can give,
Nothing can make me bluſh, but that I live,
And have not follow'd *Pompey*, when he dy'd;
For though the Means to do it were deny'd,
And Cruel Pity would not let me have
The quick aſſiſtance of a Steel or Wave,
Yet I'm aſham'd, that after ſuch a Woe,
Grief had not done as much as they could do:

Death had been glorious, and had ſet me free
As from my Sorrow then, ſo now from Thee.
Yet I muſt thank the Gods, though ſo ſevere,
That ſince I muſt come hither, Thou art here:
That *Cæſar* reigns here, and not *Ptolomy*;
And yet, O Heaven! what Stars do govern me?
That ſome faint kind of ſatisfaction 'tis,
To meet here with my greateſt Enemies;
And into their Hands that I rather fall,
Then into His that ow'd my Husband all.
But of thy Conqueſt, *Cæſar*, make no boaſt,
Which to my ſingle Deſtiny thou ow'ſt;
I both my Husbands Fortunes have defac'd,
And twice have caus'd th' whole World to be diſ-
My Nuptial Knot twice ominouſly ty'd, (grac'd;
Baniſh'd the Gods from the Uprighter Side;
Happy in miſery I had been, if it,
For *Romes* advantage, had with Thee been Knit;
And on thy Houſe that I could ſo diſpenſe
All my own Stars malignant influence:
For never think my Hatred can grow leſs,
Since I the Roman Conſtancy profeſs;
And though thy Captive, yet a Heart like mine,
Can never ſtoop to hope for ought from Thine:
Command, but think not to ſubject my Will,
Remember this, I am *Cornelia* ſtill.

CÆSAR.

O Worthy Widow of a Man ſo brave!
Whoſe Courage, Wonder, Fate does pity crave;
Your generous Thoughts do quickly make us know
To whom your Birth, to whom your Love you owe;

And

And we may find, by your Hearts glorious frame,
Both to, and from what Families you came;
Young *Craſſus* Soul, and noble *Pompey's* too,
Whoſe Virtues Fortune cheated of their due;
The *Scipio's* Blood, who ſav'd our Deities,
Speak in your Tongue, and ſparkle in your Eyes;
And *Rome* her ſelf hath not an ancient Stem,
Whoſe Wife or Daughter, hath more honour'd them:
Would to thoſe Gods your Anceſtors once ſav'd,
When *Hannibal* them at their Altars brav'd,
That your dear *Hero* had declin'd this Port,
And better known a falſe Barbarians Court;
And had not his uncertain Honour try'd,
But rather on our Ancient love rely'd;
That he had ſuffered my ſucceſsfull Arms,
Only to vanquiſh his unjuſt Allarms;
Then he, without deſtruſting me, had ſtay'd
Till he had heard what *Cæſar* could have ſaid;
And I, in ſpight of all our former ſtrife,
Would then have beg'd him to accept of Life;
Forget my Conqueſt, and that Rival love,
Who fought, but that I might his Equal prove:
Then I, with a content entirely great,
Had Pray'd the Gods to Pardon his Defeat;
And giving me his Friendſhip to poſſeſs,
He had pray'd *Rome* to Pardon my ſucceſs.
But ſince Fate, ſo Ambitious to deſtroy,
Hath rob'd the World, and Us, of ſo much Joy,
Cæſar muſt ſtrive t' acquit himſelf to you,
Of what was your Illuſtrious Husbands due:
Enjoy your ſelf then with all freedom here.
Only two dayes my Priſoner appear;

And

And witness be, how after our Debate,
I shall revere his Name, revenge his Fate;
You this Account to *Italy* may yield,
What Pride I borrow from *Thessalia's* Field.
I leave you to your self, and shall Retire;
Lepidus, furnish her to her desire;
As Roman Ladies have respected been,
So Honour her, (that is,) above a Queen.
Madam, command; all shall your Orders wait.

CORNELIA.

O Gods! how many Virtues must I hate!

After the third Act, to *Cornelia* asleep on a Couch, *Pompey's* Ghost sings this in Recitative Air.

From lasting and unclouded Day,
From Joys refin'd above Allay,
And from a Spring without decay,
I come, by Cynthia's *borrow'd Beams*
To visit my Cornelia's *Dreams,*
And give them yet sublimer Theams.

Behold the Man, thou lov'dst before,
Pure streams have wash'd away his Gore,
And Pompey *now shall bleed no more.*

By Death my Glory I resume;
For 'twould have been a harsher Doom
T' outlive the Liberty of Rome.

By

By me her doubtfull fortune try'd,
Falling, bequeaths my Fame this Pride,
I for it liv'd, and with it Dy'd.

Nor shall my Vengeance be withstood
Or whatt'ended with a Flood,
Of Roman and Egyptian Blood.

Exit. Cæsar *himself it shall pursue,*
His dayes shall troubled be, and few,
And he shall fall by Treason too.

He, by severity Divine
Shall be an offering at my Shrine;
As I was his, he must be mine.

Thy stormie Life regret no more,
For Fate shall waft thee soon a shoar,
And to thy Pompey *thee restore.*

Where past the fears of sad removes
We entertain our spotless Loves,
In beauteous and Immortal Groves.

There none A Guilty Crown shall wear,
Nor Cæsar *be Dictator there.*
Nor shall Cornelia *shed a Tear.*

After

After this a Military Dance, as the continuance of her Dream, and then *Cornelia* starts up, as waken'd in amazement, saying.

What have I seen? and whether is it gone
How great the vision! and how quickly done!
Tel if in Dreams we future things can see,
There's still some Joy laid up in Fate for me.

Exit.

Act. 4. Scen. 1.

Ptolomy, Achillas, Photinus.

PTOLOMY.

WHat? with that Hand, and with that Sword (which had
A Victim of th' unhappy *Pompey* made,
Saw you *Septimius*, fled from *Cæsars* hate,
Give such a bloody Period to his Fate?

ACHILLAS.

He's Dead, Sir, and by that you may collect,
What shame (foreseen by him) you must expect:
Cæsar you may by this slow anger know,
The violent does quickly come and go:

After

But

But the consider'd Indignation grows
Stronger by Age, and gives the fiercer Blows;
In vain you hope his Fury to assuage,
Who now secure, does Politickly rage;
He safely for his Fame concern'd appears,
Pompey, alive, abhor'd; he dead reveres:
And of his Slaughter by this Art doth choose,
To act the vengeance, and yet make the use.

PTOLOMY.

Had I believ'd Thee, I had never known
A Master here, nor been without a Throne:
" But still with this Imprudence Kings are curst,
" To hear too much Advice, and choose the worst;
" At the Pits brinke Fate does their Reason blind;
" Or if some hint, they of their Danger find,
" Yet that false Light amiss their Judgment steers,
" Plunges them in, and then it disappears.

PHOTINUS.

I must confess I *Cæsar* did mistake,
Since such a Service he a Crime does make:
But yet his side hath streams, and those alone
Can expiate your fault, and fix your Throne.
I no more say, you silently should bear,
And your Revenge, till he be gone, defer:
No, I a better Remedy esteem,
To justifie his Rivals Death, on him.
When you the First Act, by the last make good,
And *Cæsar's* shed, as well as *Pompey's* Blood,
Rome will no difference in her Tyrants know,
But will to you, from both, her Freedom owe.

PTOLOMY.

Yes, Yes, to this all Reaſons do perſwade;
Let's fear no more the Greatneſs we have made:
Caeſar ſhall ſtill from Us receive his Doom,
And twice in one day wee'l diſpoſe of *Rome*;
As Bondage firſt, let's Freedom next beſtow;
Let not thy Actions, *Caeſar*, ſwell Thee ſo;
But call to mind what thou haſt ſeen me doe;
Pompey was Mortal, and ſo thou art too;
Thou envy'dſt him, for his exceeding thee,
And I think, thou haſt no more Lives, then he;
Thy own Compaſſion for his Fate, does ſhew
That thy Heart may be Penetrable too:
Then let thy Juſtice threaten as it pleaſe,
'Tis I, muſt with thy Ruine, *Rome* appeaſe;
And of that Cruel Mercy Vengeance take,
Which ſpares a King, but for his Siſters ſake.
My Life and Power ſhall not expoſed be
To her Reſentment, or thy Levity;
Leaſt thou, to morrow, ſhould'ſt at ſuch a Rate
Reward her Love, or elſe revenge her Hate:
More noble Maximes ſhall my Fears expell;
Thou bad'ſt me once to chooſe my Victims well,
And my Obedience thou in this ſhalt ſee,
Who know no Victim worthier then thee,
Nor th' Immolation of whoſe Blood, will draw
Better Acceptance from thy Son in law.
But vainly, Friends, we thus foment our Rage,
Unleſs we knew, what Strength we could engage;
All this may be unprofitable heat,
The Tyrants Forces being here ſo great;

But of our Power let us be firſt agreed,
And in what time and method to proceed.

ACHILLAS.

We may do much, Sir, in our preſent State,
Two miles from hence, ſix thouſand Souldiers wait;
Which I, foreſeeing ſome new Diſcontents,
Have kept in readineſs, for all Events;
Cæſar with all his Arts, could not foreſee
That underneath this Town a Vault ſhould be,
By which this night we to the Pallace may
Our Men with Eaſe, and without Noiſe convey;
T' aſſault his Life by open force alone,
Would be the only way to looſe your Own:
We muſt ſurprize him, and act our deſign,
When he is Drunk with Pleaſure, Love and Wine.
The People are all ours; for when he made
His entry, Horrour did their Souls invade;
When with a Pomp ſo arrogantly grave,
His Faſces did our Royal Enſigns brave;
I mark'd what Rage at that Injurious view,
From their incenſed Eyes, like ſparkles, flew;
And they ſo much did with their fury ſtrive,
That your leaſt Countenance may it revive.
Septimius Souldiers fill'd with greater hate,
Struck with the Terrour of their Leaders Fate,
Seek nothing but revenge on him, who them
Did, in their Captains Perſon, ſo contemn.

PTOLOMY.

But what way to approach him can be found!
If at the Feaſt his Guards do him ſurround?

PHOTINUS.

Cornelia's Men, who have already known
Among your Romans Kindred of their own,
Seem to perſwade us they would help afford
To Sacrifice their Tyrant, to their Lord;
Nay have aſſur'd it, and much better may
Then we, to *Cæſar* the firſt ſtabs convey;
His Clemency (not only falſe but vain)
Which Counts *Cornelia*, that He *Rome* may gain,
Will to his Perſon, give them ſuch acceſs,
As may aſſure our Plot of a ſucceſs.
But *Cleopatra* comes; to Her appear
Only poſſeſs'd with Weakneſs, and with Fear:
Let us withdraw Sir, for you know that we
Are Objects, ſhe will much abhor to ſee.

PTOLOMY.

Go wait me.——

Scen. 2.

Ptolomy, Cleopatra.

CLEOPATRA.

Brother, I have *Cæſar* ſeen,
And have to him your Interceſſour been.

PTOLOMY.

I never could expect an Act leſs kind
From you, who bear ſo generous a Mind.

But your great Lover quickly from you went.

CLEOPATRA.

'Twas to the Town, t' appeaſe ſome diſcontent,
Which he was told had newly raiſed been
Betwixt the Souldier and the Citizen:
Whilſt I with Joyfull haſt come to aſſure
You, that your Life and Kingdom were ſecure;
Th' Illuſtrious *Cæſar* on the Courſe you took,
Does with leſs anger then Compaſſion look,
He pitties you, who ſuch vile States-men heard,
As make their Kings not to be lov'd, but fear'd;
Whoſe Souls the baſeneſs of their Birth confeſs,
And who in vain great Dignities poſſeſs:
For Slaviſh Spirits cannot guide the Helm;
Thoſe too much Power would quickly overwhelm.
That hand, whoſe Crimes alone do purchaſe Fear,
Will ſoon let fall a Weight it cannot bear.

PTOLOMY.

Thoſe Truths, and my ill Fate do me perſwade
How bad a choice of Counſellours I made:
For had I acted Honourable things,
I had as Glorious been, as other Kings;
And better merited the Love you bear
A Brother, ſo unworthy of your Care;
Cæſar and *Pompey* had been here agreed,
And the Worlds Peace in *Egypt* been decreed;
Who her own Prince a friend to both had ſeen;
Nay, he perhaps, an Arbiter had been.
But ſince to call this back is paſt our Art,
Let me diſcharge to you my Troubled heart;
You, that for all the Wrongs that I have done,
Could yet Preſerve me both my Life and Crown;

Be

Be truly great and vanquiſh all your Hate,
By changing *Photin's* and *Achilla's* Fate.
For their offending you, their Death is due,
But that my Glory ſuffers in it too;
If for their Kings Crimes they ſhould puniſh'd be,
The Infamy would wholy light on me;
Cæſar through them wounds me, their's is my Pain
For my ſake, therefore, your Juſt Hate conſtrain:
Your heart is Noble, and what pleaſure then
Is th' abject Blood of two unhappy Men?
Let me owe all to you, who *Cæſar* charme,
And, with a Look, his Anger can diſarm.

CLEOPATRA.

Were but their Life and Death in me to give,
My ſcorn is great enough to let them live:
But I with *Cæſar* little can prevail,
When *Pompey's* Blood lyes in the other ſcale;
I boaſt no Power to Diſpoſe his will,
For I have ſpoke, and he hath ſhun'd it ſtill,
And turning quickly to ſome new Affair,
He neither does refuſe, nor grant my Prayer:
Yet Ile once more on that harſh Theam proceed,
In hope a New attempt may better ſpeed;
And Ile believe.——

PTOLOMY.

He comes, let me be gone,
Leaſt I ſhould chance to draw his anger on;
My preſence may enflame what t'would make leſs,
And you alone, may act with more ſucceſs.

Scen. 3.

Cæſar, Cleopatra, Antonius, Lepidus, Charmion, Achoreus, and Romans.

CÆSAR.

The City now is quiet, Beauteous Queen,
Which had alarm'd with little reaſon been;
Nor need they fear the troubleſome event
Of Souldiers Pride, or Peoples Diſcontent:
But O great Gods! when abſent from your Eyes,
A greater Tumult did within me Riſe;
When theſe unwelcom Cares ſnatcht me from you,
My heart, ev'n with my Grandeur, angry grew;
And I my own Renown began to hate,
Since it my parting did neceſſitate:
But I forgave all to the ſingle Thought
How much advantage to my Love it brought:
For 'tis to that, I owe the noble Hope
Which to my Flame does give ſo fair a ſcope,
And perſwades *Cæſar* that his Heart may prove
Not utterly unworthy of your Love,
And that he may pretend to that, ſince he
Nothing above him, but the Gods, can ſee.
Yes Queen; if in the World a Man there were
That with more glory could your fetters bear
Or if there were a Throne, wherein you might
By Conquering its King, appear more bright.

Leſs

Leſs for his Throne would I the Man purſue,
Then to diſpute the Right of ſerving you.
'Twas to acquire that valuable Right,
That my Ambitious Arm did alwayes fight.
And in *Pharſalia* rather my Sword drew
To Preſerve that, then *Pompey* to ſubdue.
I Conquer'd, and the God of Battles, leſs
Then your bright Eys, afforded me ſucceſs.
They rais'd my Courage, and my hand did ſway,
And I owe them that memorable day.
As the effect of heat by them inſpir'd,
For when your beauties had my paſſion fir'd,
That a return might your great Soul become,
They made me Maſter of the World and *Rome*.
I would ennoble that high ſtile I wear,
By the Addition of your Priſoner.
And ſhall moſt happy be, if you think fit
That Title to eſteem, and this permit.

CLEOPATRA.

I know how much I to my fortune owe,
Which this exceſs of Honour does beſtow.
Nor will from you my inward thoughts conceal
Since I know both, you, and my ſelf ſo well.
Your Love did in my earlieſt Youth appear,
And I my Scepter as your Preſent wear:
I twice receiv'd my Kingdom from your Hand,
And after that, can I your Love withſtand?
No, Sir, my Heart cannot reſiſt your ſiege,
Who ſo much merit, and ſo much Oblige.
But yet my Birth, my Ranke, and the Command
Which I have now regain'd in *Egypts* Land,

The

The Scepter, by your Hand reſtor'd to mine,
Do all againſt my innocent Hopes combine;
To my deſires injurious they have been,
And leſſen me, by making me a Queen:
For if *Rome* ſtill be as ſhe was before,
T' aſcend a Throne, will but debaſe me more;
Theſe Marks of Honour will be but my Shame,
And Ruine my Pretences to your Flame:
But yet, methinks, the Power you enjoy,
Might all my Fears with eaſe enough deſtroy,
And I would hope, that ſuch a Man as you,
May juſtly *Romes* Capriciouſneſs ſubdue,
And her unjuſt averſion for a Throne
She might ſee cauſe, for your ſake, to diſown:
I know that you can greater things effect,
And from your Promiſe Wonders I expect;
You in *Pharſalia* did much greater do,
And I invoke no other Gods but You.

CÆSAR.

There's nothing humane can my Love withſtand;
'Tis but the overrunning *Affricks* Land,
To ſhew my Standards to the reſt of thoſe,
Who did me with ſo ill a Fate oppoſe;
And when *Rome* can no more of them Advance,
She will be forc'd to ſtudy Complaiſance:
And you ſhall ſee her with a ſolemn State,
At your Feet ſacrifice her Pride and Hate:
Nay I muſt have her, at your Royal Seat,
In my behalf, your Favour to entreat;
And with ſo much Reſpect theſe Beauties view,
That ſhe young *Cæſars* ſhall requeſt from you;

This is the only Fortune I desire,
And all to which my Lawrels do aspire:
How blest were my Condition, if I might
Obtain those Wreaths, and still enjoy your sight!
But yet my Passion its own harm procures,
For I must quit you, if I will be yours;
While there are flying Foes, I must pursue,
That I may them defeat, and merit you.
To bear that absence therefore, suffer me
To take such Courage from the Charmes I see,
That frighted Nations may, at *Cæsars* name,
Say, He but came, and saw, and overcame.

CLEOPATRA.

This is too much; but if I this abuse,
The fault which you create you must excuse:
You did my Crown, and perhaps Life restore,
And yet your Love (I trust) will grant me more;
And I Conjure you, by its strongest Charms,
By that great Fortune which attends your Arms,
By all my hopes, and all your high Desert,
Dip not in Blood the Bounties you impart;
Great Sir, forgive those that have Guilty been,
Or else by that, let me appear a Queen;
Achillas and *Photinus* blood disdain,
For they endure enough, to see me reign;
And their Offense——

GÆSAR.

Ah! by some other way
Assure your self how much my Will you sway,

As

As you Rule me, if I might you requeſt,
You better ſhould imploy your Intereſt;
Govern your *Cæſar*, as a lawfull Queen,
And make him not Partaker of their Sin:
For your ſake only, I the King durſt ſpare;
'Twas love alone that——

Scen. 4.

To them *Cornelia*.

CORNELIA.

Cæſar, have a Care.
For Traytors have againſt thy Life Combin'd,
And ſworn thy Head ſhall be to *Pompey's* Joyn'd.
If to prevent them thou ſhouldſt be remiſs,
Thy Blood will ſpeedily be mixt with his.
If thou my Slaves examine, thou may'ſt know,
The Author, Order, and the Actor too.
I yield them thee;

CÆSAR.

O truly Roman Heart!
And Worthy him, of whom you were a part!
His Soul, which ſees from its exalted State,
How I endeavour to Revenge his fate,
Forgets his hate, and is become ſo kind,
To ſave my Life, by what he left behind.
Whatever Treaſon could to *Pompey* do,
Yet he does ſtill ſubſiſt, and act in you:
And prompts you to a thing ſo brave, that he
May vanquiſh me in generoſity.

CORNELIA.

Cæsar, thou art deceived in my intent,
If you think'st Hate yields to acknowledgment:
No, *Pompey's* blood must all commerce deny,
Betwixt his Widow and his Enemy.
And I thy offer'd Freedom would enjoy,
That to thy Ruine I might it employ.
Nay, I shall make new business for thy Sword,
If thou dar'st be so Just to keep thy word.
But though so much on thy Destruction bent,
Yet I thy Murther would as much prevent.
I have thy Death, with too much Justice sought,
That it should now, be with a Treason bought.
Who knows and suffers, does partake the guilt:
Nor should thy blood be infamously spilt.
But when my Husbands Sons, and Kindred do
Attempt thy death, then I shall wish it too.
And that some brave Arm, which I shall excite,
May in the Field, and in thy Armies fight,
Offer thee Nobly to that *Hero's* Ghost,
In whose Revenge thou so much zeal bestowest?
My restless thirst for such a day as this,
By thy untimely fall its end would miss.
But whatsoe're hopes from abroad I may
Receive, yet I am Rack'd by their delay.
"For distant satisfaction is half lost:
"And long expected Joys too dearly cost.
I shall not wander on the *Affrick* Strands;
To seek the vengeance ready in thy hands,
Which does the head it Threatens best befit:
For I could thine have had instead of it;

But

But that my hatred ſaw the difference great,
Betwixt my Husbands murther and defeat:
And I an earlier Puniſhment would ſee
On their Preſumption, then thy Victory.
This is *Romes* wiſh, Whoſe Venerable Brow
To this affront, too juſt a Bluſh would owe:
If her two Nobleſt heads ſhould (after all
Her Triumphs) with ſo much diſhonour fall.
Shee, upon whom thou never couldſt impoſe,
Would ſooner Puniſh Criminals, then foes.
Her Liberty, would a misfornune grow,
If upon *Tiber Nile* ſhould it beſtow.
None but a Roman could her Maſter be,
And but a Roman none ſhould ſet her free.
Here thou wouldſt fall to her unſacrific'd:
And wouldſt be murther'd ſo, but not chaſtis'd.
Nor would ſucceeding Tyrants frighted be,
For the Example too, would dye with Thee.
Revenge her thou, on *Egypts* wrong, and I
Will her revenge upon *Pharſalia* try.
Adieu, no time in this ſhould waſted be,
Go then, and boaſt I once made vows for thee.

Scen. 5.

Cæſar, Cleopatra, Antonius, Lepidus, Achoreus, Charmion.

CÆSAR.

Her Virtue, and their Crime, alike amaze,
Queen, you perceive for whom your goodneſs prayes.

CLEOPATRA.

That, now, no more againſt your Juſtice fights,
Go (Sir) Revenge all violated rights:
My Ruine, they much more then yours deſire:
The Traytors do againſt my Right Conſpire.
As my ſupport, againſt you they deſign:
And by your death, would make their way to mine.
But though all this be to my anger known,
Yes 'tis my Brother ſtill, that leads them on.
Do you know that Sir, and may I obtain,
It your deſerved fury may reſtrain?

CÆSAR.

Yes, Ile remember, your heart is ſo great,
That for his Births ſake, you his Crime forget.
Adieu, fear nothing, for theſe are not foes,
That can the fortune of my Arms oppoſe.
Them, and their Party, I ſhall quickly rout,
When I to them but Whips and Racks bring out:
They ſhall not Souldiers, but Tormentors ſee,
And now my Axes ſhall my Enſigns be. *Exit. Cæſar.*

CLEOPATRA.

CLEOPATRA.

Dear *Achoreus*, after *Caſar* go,
With him prevent my Threatned overthrow.
And when he puniſhes our worthleſs Foes,
Make him remember what his promiſe ows.
Obſerve the King, when he in fight appears,
And ſpare his blood, that you may ſpare my tears.

ACHOREUS.

Madam, his fortune ſhall no ſorrow need,
If all my Care and ſervice can ſucceed.

After the fourth Act, *Cleopatra* ſits hearkening to this Song.

PRoud Monuments of Royal Duſt!
Do not your old Foundations ſhake?
And labour to reſign their truſt
For ſure your mighty Gueſts ſhould wake,
Now their own Memphis lies at Stake.

Alas! in vain our Dangers call;
They care not for our Deſtiny,
Nor will they be concern'd at all
If Egyyt *now enſlav'd, or free,*
A Kingdom or a Province be.

What is become of all they did?
And what of all they had deſign'd,
Now death the buſie Scene hath hid;
Where but in ſtory ſhall we find
Thoſe great diſturbers of Mankind?

When

When Men their quiet Minutes ſpent
Where Mirtles grew and Fountains purl'd,
As ſafe as they were Innocent:
What angry God among them hurl'd
Ambition to undoe the World?

What is the charm of being Great,
Which oft is gain'd and loſt with Sin,
Or if w' attain a Royal ſeat,
With Guiltleſs ſteps what do we win,
If Love and Honour fight within.

Honour the Frightneſs of the Mind!
And love her nobleſt extaſie:
That does our ſelves, this others bind
When you great Pair ſhall diſagree
What Caſuiſt can the Umpire be.

Though Love does all the heart ſubdue,
With gentle, but reſiſtleſs ſway
Yet Honour muſt that govern too:
And when thus Honour wins the Day,
Love overcomes the braveſt way.

Act. 5. Scen. 1.

Cornelia with a little Urne in her hand, and *Philip*.

CORNELIA.

MAy I believe my Eyes? or does this ſight
Delude me, with *Chimera's* of the Night?
Do I behold Thee *Philip*? and didſt Thou
Funeral rites to my lov'd Lord allow?
His Aſhes does this Urne contain? O view!
At once ſo terrible and tender too!
Eternal Food of Sorrow and of Hate,
All of Great *Pompey* that is ſpar'd by fate.
Expect not I a Tear to you ſhould pay,
For Great Souls, eaſe their Griefs another way.
Shallow Afflictions, by Complaints are fed:
And who laments, would fain be Comforted.
But I have ſworn by all that we Adore;
And by your ſelf (ſad Object) which is more:
(For my griev'd Heart does more to you ſubmit,
Then to thoſe Gods who ſo ill-guarded it.)
By you I ſwear it then (Mournfull remain,
My only Deity, now he is ſlain)
That no extinction or decay, ſhall be
In that revenge which muſt ennoble me.

To *Cæsar*, *Ptolomy*, by base surprize,
Rome, of thy *Pompey*, made a Sacrifice.
And I, thy injur'd walls will never see,
Till Priest, and God, to him shall offer'd be.
Put me in mind, and my just hate sustain,
O Ashes! now my hope as well as Pain.
And to assist me in that great design,
Shed in all Hearts, what now is felt by mine.
But Thou, who on so infamous a shoar,
Gav'st him a flame, so Pious, though so Poor:
Tell me, what God thy Fortune made so great,
To pay to such a *Hero* such a Debt?

PHILIP.

Cover'd with Blood, and much more dead then he;
When I had curs'd the Royal Treachery,
My wandring Feet were by my grief convey'd,
Where yet the Wind upon the Water plaid:
After long search, I on a Rock did stand,
And saw the Headless Trunk approach the Sand:
Where th' angry Wave, a pleasure seem'd to take
To cast it off, and then to snatch it back:
I to it leap'd, and thrust it to the banks;
Then gathering a heap of Shipwrack'd Planks,
An hasty, artless Pile, I to him rais'd,
Such as I could, and such as Fortune pleas'd.
'Twas hardly kindled, when Heaven grew so kind
To send me help, in what I had design'd.
Codrus, an Ancient Roman, who lives here,
Returning from the City, spy'd me there.
And when he did a headless Carkass view,
By that sad mark alone he *Pompey* knew:

Then

Then weeping ſaid, O thou who ere thou art
To whom the Gods ſuch honours do impart.
Thy fortune's greater then thou doſt believe,
Thou ſhalt rewards, not Punishments receive.
Ceſar's in *Egypt* and Revenge declares,
For him to whom thou pay'ſt theſe Pious Cares,
Theſe Aſhes to his Widow thou mayſt bear
In *Alexandria*, for now ſhe is there.
By *Pompeys* Conquerour ſo entertain'd,
As by a God it would not be diſdain'd.
Go on till I return, this ſaid, he went,
And quickly brought me this ſmall Monument.
Then we, betwixt us, into it convey'd,
That *Hero*'s Aſhes which the fire had made.

CORNELIA.

With what great Praiſes ſhould this act be crown'd!

PHILIP.

Entring the Town I great diſorders found.
A numerous People to the Port did flye,
Which they believ'd the King would fortifie.
The eager Romans fiercely theſe purſu'd,
Rage in their eys, their hands with blood imbrew'd.
When *Ceſar* with brave Juſtice did Command,
Photin to periſh by a Hangmans hand.
On me appearing, he vouchſaf'd to look,
And with theſe words my Maſters Aſhes took.
Remainders of a Demigod! whoſe Name
I ſcarce can equal Conquerour as I am.
Behold guilt puniſh'd and till Altars call,
For other Victims let theſe Traytors fall.

Greater ſhall follow. To the Court go thou,
On *Pompey's* Widow this from me beſtow.
And whilſt with it ſhe makes with grief ſome truce,
Tell her how *Cæſar* her Revenge purſues.
That great Man, ſighing, then from me did turn,
And humbly kiſſing did reſtore the Urne.

CORNELIA.

O Formal Grief! how eaſie is that Tear,
That's ſhed for Foes whom we no longer fear!
How ſoon revenge for others fills that breſt,
Which to it, is, by its own danger preſt?
And when the Care we take to right the dead
Secures our Life and does our glory ſpread.
Cæſar is generous 'tis true, but he
By the King wrong'd, and from his Rival free,
Might in an envious mind a doubt revive,
What he would do were *Pompey* yet alive.
His courage, his own ſafety does provide,
Which does the beauty of his actions hide.
Love is concern'd in't too, and he does fight
In *Pompeys* Cauſe for *Cleopatra's* Right.
So many Int'reſts with my Husband's met,
Might to his Virtue take away my debt.
But as Great Hearts judge by themſelves alone,
I chooſe to gueſs his honour by my own.
And think we only make his fury ſuch,
Since in his Fortune I ſhould do as much.

Scen. 2.

Cleopatra, Charmion, Cornelia, Philip.

CLEOPATRA.

I come not to disturb a grief so due
To that affliction which hath wounded you.
But those remains t' adore, which from the wave,
A faithfull freed-man did so lately save.
To mourn your fortune, Madam, and to swear,
You'd still enjoy a Man so justly Dear
If Heaven which does persecute you still,
Had made my Power equal to my will.
Yet if to what that Heaven sends you now,
Your Grief can any Room for Joy allow:
If any sweetness in revenge there be,
Receive the certainty of yours from me.
The false *Photinus*——But you have heard.

CORNELIA.

Yes, Princess that he hath his Just reward.

CLEOPATRA.

Have you no comfort in that news discern'd?

CORNELIA.

If there be any you are most concern'd.

CLEOPATRA.

All hearts with Joy receive a wish'd Event.

CORNELIA.

Our thoughts are, as our Int'rests, different.

Though

Though *Cæsar* add *Achillas* Death 'twill be,
To you a satisfaction, not to me.
For nobler rites to *Pompey's* Ghost belong,
They are too mean to expiate his wrong.
No reparation by such Blood is made,
Either to my grief, or his injur'd shade,
And the Revenge which does my Soul enflame,
Till it hath *Cæsar*, *Ptolemy* doth claim;
Who though so much unfit to reign or live,
Cæsar I know will for his safety strive.
But though his Love hath dar'd to promise it,
Yet juster Heaven dares it not permit.
And if the Gods an Ear to me afford,
They shall both perish by each others Sword.
Such an event would my Hearts grief destroy,
Which now is such a Stranger grown to Joy.
But if ye Gods think this too great a thing,
And but one fall, O let it be the King!

CLEOPATRA.

Heaven does not govern as our Wills direct.

CORNELIA.

But Gods, what Causes promise, will effect
And do the guilty with revenge pursue.

CLEOPATRA.

As they have Justice they have Mercy too.

CORNELIA.

But we may Judge as here events have past,
They now the first will act and not the last.

CLEOPATRA.

Their Mercy oft does through their Justice break.

CORNELIA.

Queen, you as Sister, I as Widow speak,

Each

Each hath her cauſe of Kindnes and of hate,
And both concern'd are in this Princes fate.
But by the Blood which hath to day been ſhed,
We ſhall perceive whoſe vows have better ſped.
Behold your *Achoreus*.

Scen. 3.

To them *Achoreus*.

CLEOPATRA.

But alas,
I read no good preſages in his Face;
Speak *Achoreus*, let us freely hear
What yet deſerves my ſorrow, or my fear.

ACHOREUS.

Aſſoon as *Cæſar* did the Treaſon know:——

CLEOPATRA.

'Tis not his Conduct I enquire of now,
I know he cut and ſtopt that ſecret vault
Which to him ſhould the Murtherers have brought,
That to ſecure the ſtreets his men he ſent,
Where *Photin* did receive his Puniſhment;
Whoſe ſudden fall *Achillas* to amaz'd,
That on th' Abandon'd Port he quickly ſeiz'd;
Whom the King follow'd, and that, to the land
Antonius all his Souldiers did command.
Where *Cæſar* joyn'd him, and I thence do gueſs
Achillas Puniſhment, and his ſucceſs.

ACHOREUS.

ACHOREUS.

His usual Fortune her Assistance gave.

CLEOPATRA.

But tell me if he did my Brother save,
And kept his Promise.

ACHOREUS.

Yes, with all his Might.

CLEOPATRA.

That's all the News I wish'd you to recite.
Madam, You see the Gods my wishes heard.

CORNELIA

They only have his Punishment deferr'd.

CLEOPATRA.

You wish'd it now; but they have him secur'd:

ACHOREUS.

Or *Cæsar* had, if he had life endur'd.

CLEOPATRA.

What said you last? Or did I rightly hear?
Oh! Quickly your obscure Discourses clear.

ACHOREUS.

Neither your cares nor ours could save him, who
Would die in spight of *Cæsar*, and of You:
But Madam, in the noblest way he dy'd
That ever falling Monarch dignify'd.
His restor'd Virtue did his Birth make good,
And to the Romans dearly sold his blood.
He fought *Antonius* with such noble heat,
That on him He did some advantage get:
But *Cæsars* coming alter'd the event;
Achillas there after *Photinus* went.
But so as him did too much Honour bring:
With Sword in hand he perish'd for his King.

O ſpare the King; in vain the Conquerour cry'd;
To him no Hope but Terrour it imply'd.
For frighted, he thought *Cæſar* did intend
But to reſerve him to a ſhameful end.
He charg'd, and broke our Ranks, bravely to ſhew
What Virtue armed by Deſpair can do.
By this miſtake his vexed ſoul abus'd,
Still ſought the Death which ſtill was him refus'd.
Breathleſs at laſt, with having fought and bled,
Encompaſs'd round, and his beſt Souldiers dead,
Into a Veſſel which was near he leaps,
And follow'd was by ſuch tumultuous heaps,
As by their number, overpreſt, the Ship
With all its fraight was ſwallow'd in the Deep.
This Death recovers all his loſt Renown,
Gives *Cæſar* Fame, and You th' *Ægyptian* Crown.
You were proclaim'd, and though no *Roman* ſword
Had touch'd the Life ſo much by you deplor'd.
Cæſar extreamly did concern'd appear;
He ſighs, and he complains: but ſee him here,
Who better can then I his Griefs relate,
For the unhappy Kings reſiſtleſs Fate.

Scen. 4.

To them.

Cæſar, Antonius, Lepidus,

CORNELIA.

Cæſar be juſt, and me my Gallies yield,
Achillas and *Photinus* both are kill'd;

Nor could thy softned heart their Master save,
And *Pompey* here, no more revenge can have.
This fatal shoare nothing does me present,
But th' Image of their horrible Attempt,
And thy new Conquest, with the giddy noise
Of People who in change of Kings rejoyce:
But what afflicts me most, is still to see
Such an obliging Enemy in Thee.
Release me then from this inglorious pain,
And set my Hate at liberty again.
But yet before I go I must request
The Head of *Pompey* with his Bones may rest.
Give it me then, as that alone, which yet
I can with Honour at thy hands intreat.

CÆSAR.

You may so justly that Remainder claim,
That to deny it would be *Cæsar*'s shame:
But it is fit, after so many Woes,
That we should give his wandring Shade repose,
And that a Pile which You and I enflame,
From the first mean one rescue *Pompey*'s name.
That he should be appeas'd our Grief to view;
And that an Urn more worthy him and you
May (the Pomp done, and fire extinct again)
His reunited Ashes entertain.
This Arm, which did so long with him debate,
Shall Altars to his Vertue dedicate,
Offer him Vows, Incense and Victims too,
And yet shall give him nothing but his Due.
I but to morrow for these Rites require,
Refuse me not the Favour I desire;

But

But ſtay till theſe ſolemnities be paſt,
And then you may reſume your eager haſte.
Bring to our *Rome* a Treaſury ſo great,
That Relique bear——

CORNELIA.

Not thither *Cæſar* yet.
Till firſt thy ruine, granted me by Fate,
To theſe lov'd Aſhes ſhall unlock the Gate;
And thither (though as Dear to *Rome* as me)
They come not till Triumphant over thee.
To *Affrick* I muſt this rich burthen bear,
Where *Pompey*'s ſons, *Cato* and *Scipio* are.
Who'll finde I hope, (with a brave King ally'd)
Fortune as well as Juſtice on their ſide:
And thou ſhalt ſee, there with new fury hurl'd,
Pharſalia's Ruines arme another World.
From Rank to Rank theſe Aſhes I'll expoſe
Mixt with my Tears, t' exaſperate thy Foes.
My Hate ſhall guide them too, and they ſhall fight
With Urns, inſtead of Eagles in their ſight;
That ſuch ſad Objects may make them intent
On his Revenge, and on thy Puniſhment.
Thou to this *Hero* now devout art grown,
But, raiſing his Name, do'ſt exalt thy own.
I muſt be Witneſs too! and I ſubmit;
But thou canſt never move my Heart with it.
My Loſs can never be repair'd by Fate,
Nor is it poſſible t' exhauſt my Hate,
This Hate ſhall be my *Pompey* now, and I
In his Revenge will live, and with it die.

But as a Roman, though my Hate be ſuch,
I muſt confeſs, I thee eſteem as much.
Both theſe extreams Juſtice can well allow:
This does my Virtue, that my Duty ſhow.
My ſenſe of Honour does the firſt command,
Concern, the laſt, and they are both conſtraind.
And as thy Virtue, whom none can betray,
Where I ſhould hate, makes me ſuch value pay:
My Duty ſo my Anger does create,
And *Pompey's* Widdow makes *Cornelia* hate.
But I from hence ſhall haſten, and know then,
I'll raiſe againſt thee Gods, as well as Men.
Thoſe Gods that flatter'd thee and me abus'd,
And in *Pharſalia Pompey's* Cauſe refus'd;
Who at his Death could Thunderbolts refrain,
To expiate that, will his Revenge maintain:
If not his Soul will give my Zeal ſuch heat,
As I without their help ſhall thee defeat.
But ſhould all my Endeavours proſper ill,
What I can not do, *Cleopatra* will.
I know thy flame, and that I obey its force
Thou from *Calphurnia* ſtudy'ſt a Divorce:
Now blinded, thou wouldſt this Alliance make,
And there's no Law of *Rome* thou dar'ſt not break.
But know, the *Roman* Youth think it no ſin
To fight againſt the Husband of a Queen.
And thy offended Friends will at the Price
Of thy beſt Blood revenge their ſcorn'd Advice.
I check thy Ruine if I check thy Love;
Adieu; to morrow will thy Honour prove.

Scen. 5.

Scen. 5.

Cæsar, Cleopatra, Charmion, Antonius, Lepidus, Achoreus.

CLEOPATRA.

Rather then You to this expos'd should be,
With my own Ruine I would set you free.
Sacrifice me, Sir, to your Happiness;
For that's the greatest that I can possess.
Though far unworthy to be *Cæsars* Bride,
Yet He'll remember one that for him Dy'd.

CÆSAR.

Those empty projects, Queen, are all now left
To a great Heart of other Help bereft;
Whose keen desires her want of Strength confess,
Could she perform more, she would wish it less.
The Gods will these vain Auguries disprove,
Nor can they my Felicitie remove.
If your Love stronger then your Grief appears,
And will for *Cæsars* sake dry up your Tears;
And that a Brother, who deserv'd them not,
May for a Faithful Lover be forgot.
You may have heard, with what Regret of mine
His Safety to Despair he did resigne.
How much I sought his Reason to redeem
From those vain Terrors that surrounded him,
Which he disputed to his latest Breath,
And cast away his Life for fear of Death.
O shame for *Cæsar*! Who so eminent
And so sollicitous for your Content!

Yet

Yet by the Cruel Fortune of this Day
Could not the First of your Commands Obey:
But vainly we resist the Gods, who will
Their Just Decrees on guilty men fulfill.
And yet his Fall your Happiness procures,
Since by his Death *Ægypt* is wholly Yours.

CLEOPATRA.

I know I gain another Diadem,
For which none can be blam'd but Heav'n and Him;
But as the Fate of humane things is such,
That Joy and Trouble do each other touch,
Excuse me, if the Crown conferr'd by You
As it obliges, Does afflict me too.
And if to see a Brother justly kill'd
To Nature I as well as Reason yield,
No sooner on my Grandeur I reflect,
But my Ambition by my Blood is checkt.
I meet my Fortune with a secret Groan,
Nor dare without Regret ascend the Throne.

ACHOREUS.

The Court is full, Sir, People crowding in,
Who with great shouts demand to see their Queen,
And many signes of their Impatience give,
That such a Blessing they so late receive.

CÆSAR.

Let them so just a Happiness obtain,
And by that Goodness, Queen, commence your reign.
O may the Gods so favour my Desire,
That in their Joy your Sorrow may expire;

That

That no Idea in your Soul may be,
But of the Wounds which you have given me:
Whilst my Attendants and your Courtiers may
Prepare to morrow for a glorious day.
When all such Noble Offices may owne,
Pompey t' appease, and *Cleopatra* Crown.
To her a Throne, to him let's Altars Build,
And to them both Immortal Honours yield.

Exeunt.

After the Fifth Act by two Egyptian Priests as after the second.

Ascend a Throne Great Queen! to you
By Nature, and by Fortune due;
And let the World adore
One who ambition could withstand,
Subdue revenge, and Love command,
On Honours single score.

2.

To mighty Roman shades, permit
That Pompey *should above you sit,*
He must be Deifi'd.
For who like him, e're fought or fell?
What Hero, *ever liv'd so well,*
Or who so greatly dy'd?

1.

What cannot Glorious Cæsar *do?*
How nobly does he fight and woe!
On Crowns how does he tread!

What

What mercie to the weak he shews,
How fierce is he to living Foes,
How pious to the dead?

2.

Cornelia *yet, would challenge Tears,*
But that the sorrow which she wears,
So charming is, and brave.

That it exalts her Honour more,
Then if she all the Scepters bore,
Her Generous Husband gave.

Chorus.

Then after all the Blood that's shed,
Let's right the living and the dead:
Temples to Pompey *raise;*

Set Cleopatra *on the Throne;*
Let Cæsar *keep the World he has won;*
And sing Cornelia's *praise.*

After which a Grand Masque is Danc'd before *Cæsar* and *Cleopatra*, made (as well as the other Dances and the Tunes to them) by Mr. *John Ogilby*.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE.

Written by Sir *Edward Dering* Baronet.

PLeas'd or diſpleas'd, cenſure as you think (fit,
The Action, Plot, the language or the wit:
But we're ſecure, no Bolder thought can tax
Theſe ſcenes of Blemiſh to the bluſhing Sex.
Nor Envy with her hundred Eyes eſpie
One line ſevereſt Virtue need to flye:
As Chaſt the words, as harmleſs is the ſence,
As the firſt ſmiles of Infant Innocence.
Yet at your Feet, *Cæſar's* Content to bow,
And *Pompey*, never truly Great till now:
Who does your Praiſe and kinder Votes pre-(fer
Before th' applauſe of his own Theatre:
Where fifty Thouſand Romans daily bleſt
The Gods and him, for all that they poſſeſt.
The ſad *Cornelia* ſayes, your gentler breath
Will force a ſmile, ev'n after *Pompey's* Death.

She thought all Paſſions bury'd in his Urne,
But flattering hopes and trembling fears re-
Undone in *Egypt*, *Theſſaly* and *Rome*, (turn:
She yet in *Ireland* hopes a milder Doom:
Nor from *Iberian* Shoars, or *Libian* Sands
Expects relief, but only from your hands.
Ev'n *Cleopatra*, not content to have
The univerſe, and *Cæſar* too her Slave: (low;
Forbears her Throne, till you her right al-
Tis leſs t' have rul'd the World, then plea-
(ſed you.

FINIS.